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THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL :

TRANSLATED
By JOHN DRYDEN.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS ÆQUI.

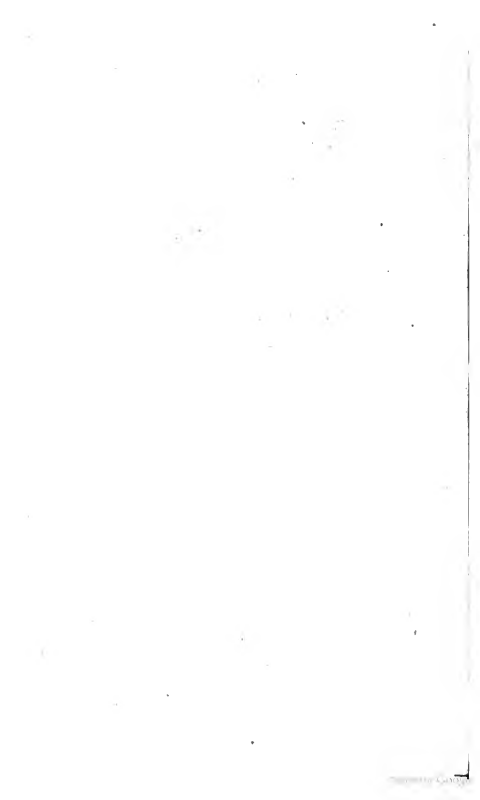
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1810.



THE ÆNEIS.



ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen :
She fed within her veins a flame unseen :
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her Sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought :

' My dearest Anna ! what new dreams affright
 My labouring soul ! what visions of the night
 Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
 With strange ideas of our Trojan guest !
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
 A man descended from the gods declare.
 Fear ever argues a degenerate kind :
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd !
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made !
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 Of hapless marriage—never to be curs'd
 With second love, so fatal was my first—
 To this one error I might yield again :
 For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
 This only man is able to subvert
 The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same, }
 Too like the sparkles of my former flame. }
 But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
 And let me through the dark abyss descend—
 First let avenging Jove, with flames from high, }
 Drive down this body to the nether sky, }
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie— }
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave ! }
 No ! he who had my vows, shall ever have ; }
 For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.' }
 She said : the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
 And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies :
 ' O dearer than the vital air I breathe !
 Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,

Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother, or of wife!
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
I grant, that, while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land, which heaven bestows,
On every side is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Gætulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound:
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand;
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.'
These words, which from a friend and sister
came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On every altar sacrifice renew;

A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
Preferring Juno's power (for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage-joys),
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And, while the priests with prayer the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows, avail to cure a bleeding heart?
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods—
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own:
This pomp she shows, to tempt her wandering guest:
Her faltering tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate.

He tells it o'er and o'er ; but still in vain ;
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends ;
And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when every guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone ;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears ;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

Meantime the rising towers are at a stand :
No labours exercise the youthful band,
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know :
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe ;
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height, that seem'd to threat
the sky.

But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love,
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun :
' High praises, endless honours, you have won,
And mighty trophies, with your worthy son !
Two gods a silly woman have undone !
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect :
But shall celestial discord never cease ?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd ;
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.

Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join ;
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine—
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.
Then Venus (who her hidden fraud descried,
Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
To Libyan shores) thus artfully replied :
‘ Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If fortune with our joint desires comply ?
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny ;
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land—
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting leagues and sure succession, join.
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind :—my wishes are your own.’
‘ Mine (said imperial Juno) be the care :—
Time urges now :—to perfect this affair,
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays,
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods, for silvan game, resort.
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns from side to side resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain :
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers’d, and all involv’d in gloomy night :
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.

I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there :
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.'
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train :
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state,
For the slow queen, in ante-chambers wait :
Her lofty courser, in the court below
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam
around.

The queen at length appears : on either hand,
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flower'd cymar with golden fringe she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore :
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains ;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins ;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports ;

Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
 Before the joyful altars join their hands :
 Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
 The merry madness of the sacred show.
 Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose :
 A golden fillet binds his awful brows :
 His quiver sounds.—Not less the prince is seen
 In manly presence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
 Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
 The cry pursues the mountain-goats : they bound
 From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground ;
 Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train, }
 In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain, }
 And a long chase, in open view, maintain.
 The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
 Spurs through the vale, and these and those outrides.
 His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
 The clanking lash, and goading of the steel.
 Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
 Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
 And rather would the tusky boar attend,
 Or see the tawny lion downward bend.

Meantime, the gathering clouds obscure the skies :
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies ;
 The rattling thunders roll ; and Juno pours
 A wintry deluge down, and sounding showers.
 The company dispers'd, to coverts ride,
 And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
 The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
 To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
 The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
 The common cavern in her bosom hides.

'Then first the trembling earth the signal gave ;
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave :
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time, arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.

The loud report through Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
Swift from the first ; and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size ;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her, last of the Titanian birth—
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight :
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong ;
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue ;
And round with listening ears the flying plague is
hung.

She fills the peaceful universe with cries :
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes :
By day, from lofty towers her head she shews,
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous
news ;

With court informers haunts, and royal spies ;
Things done relates ; not done she feigns ; and min-
gles truth with lies.

Talk is her business ; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, ' lost to honour and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering guest, who from his country fled :
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.'

The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to king Iarbas' court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celestial sire ;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire ;
And, through his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire —
Mad with despair, impatient with desire —
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his sire divine :
' Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine ;
Seest thou not this ? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign ?

Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance ?
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance ?
A wandering woman builds within our state
A little town, bought at an easy rate ;
She pays me homage—(and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough) ;
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed !
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign !
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame ;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name !

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns : the mighty Thunderer
heard,

Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius ; and the god attends ;
By whom this menacing command he sends :
' Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky ;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly :
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, given by Fate.
To him this message from my mouth relate :
Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with prayers ; nor promis'd such a son,
Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land ;

Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw ;
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
And grudge the Romans their immortal name ?
What are his vain designs ? what hopes he more
From his long lingering on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain the' Ausonian coast ?
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake :
With this command the slumbering warrior wake.'

Hermes obeys ; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds :
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand :
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves ;
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves ;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light,
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space ;
Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies—
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders : from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin :
A beard of ice on his large breast depends.—
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends :
Then, resting thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward with precipitated flight,

Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show ;
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below :
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands,
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence.
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waist he wore ;
A sword, with glittering gems diversified,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
Resuming his own shape—' Degenerate man !
Thou woman's property ! what mak'st thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear,
Forgetful of thy own?—All-powerful Jove,
Who sways the world below and heaven above,
Has sent me down with this severe command :—
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land ?
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir :
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
To whom the' Ausonian sceptre, and the state
Of Rome's imperial name, is ow'd by Fate.'
So spoke the god ; and, speaking, took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds ; and vanish'd out of sight.
The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear :
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.

Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What should he say? or how should he begin?
What course, alas! remains, to steer between
The' offended lover and the powerful queen?
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—
After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men, with silent care:
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sovereign power decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)

She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and e'en in safety fears:
Nor impious Fame was wanting, to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy
spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious man ;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began :
' Base and ungrateful ! could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye ?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love ?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen ?
E'en when the wintry winds command your stay,
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound ;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for 'Troy, the raging main ?
See, whom you fly ! am I the foe you shun ?
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed ;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind ;
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race !
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state ;
For you alone, I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame !
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest ?
(That only name remains of all the rest !)
What have I left ? or whither can I fly ?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed ?

Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight, }
And left behind some pledge of our delight, }
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight, }
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face ;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left.'

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his
eyes, }
By Jove's command ; nor suffer'd love to rise, }
Though heaving in his heart ; and thus at length
replies :—

' Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt ;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence—
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For, if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
And not submit my life to Fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore, }
Those relics to review, their dust adore, }
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore. }
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And Fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer ;
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place ?

As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears :
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Defrauded of his fate and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd—
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight
(The sender and the sent I both attest) :
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd.
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command :
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.'

Thus while he spoke, already she began
With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore :
' False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn !
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock !
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck !
Why should I fawn ? what have I worse to fear ? }
Did he once look, or lent a listening ear, }
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear ? }
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice why should I complain ?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason : yet no thunder flies ;
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes : }
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies ! }
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more !
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore ;

With needful food his hungry Trojans fed ;
 I took the traitor to my throne and bed :
 Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat
 The rest—I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
 I rave, I rave ! A god's command he pleads,
 And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.
 Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
 Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
 To warn him hence ; as if the peaceful state
 Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate !
 But go ! thy flight no longer I detain—
 Go ! seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main !
 Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
 The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
 To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
 Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name :
 Dido shall come in a black sulphury flame,
 When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame—
 Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep :
 Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
 At least my shade thy punishment shall know ;
 And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below.'

Abruptly here she stops—then turns away
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
 Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
 And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
 To give that pity which her grief requir'd—
 Though much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his
 Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove ; [love—

Reviews his forces : they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride ;
And well-caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride.
'Then oaks for oars they fell'd ; or, as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore :
On every side are seen, descending down,
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
To' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs :
Some set their shoulders to the ponderous grain ; }
Some guard the spoil ; some lash the lagging train ; }
All ply their several tasks, and equal toil sustain. }
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When, from the tower, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war !
All-powerful Love ! what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws !
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends :
To prayers and mean submissions she descends.
No female arts or aids she left untried,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.
' Look, Anna ! look ! the Trojans crowd to sea ;
They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh,
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.

Could I have thought this threatening blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to hear.
But do not you my last request deny :
With yon perfidious man your interest try,
And bring me news, if I must live or die. }
You are his favourite : you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind :
In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe ;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust :
Why should he then reject a suit so just ?
Whom does he shun ? and whither would he fly ?
Can he this last, this only prayer deny ?
Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more :
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now—
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain,
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears :
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain :
Again she comes, and is refus'd again. [move ;
His harden'd heart, nor prayers nor threatenings
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from every quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend;
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks;
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandied words, still beating on his ears. }
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursued by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—
Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and even her sister, she conceal'd.

A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.

Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears ;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day : she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark ; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain—
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear ;
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks : he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright :
The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight. }

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief :
The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd :
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears.)
' Rejoice ! (she said.) Instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run :
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd :
The' Hesperian temple was her trusted care ;
'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
She, poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep :

She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind :
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call ;
Pale ghosts ascend ; and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art !
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air :
Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd.
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire ;
For so the priestess and her charms require.
Thus far she said, and further speech forbears.
A mortal paleness in her face appears :
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret funeral, in these rites design'd :
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind. }
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell ;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath ;
And every baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed, }
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread, }
And the man's image on the nuptial bed. }
And now (the sacred altars plac'd around) }
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound, }
And thrice invokes the powers below the ground. }

Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecat, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas : next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops the hallow'd ground ;
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night ;
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,
Robbing the mother's love.—The destin'd queer
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene :
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds ; and next the highest altar stands :
One tender foot was shod, her other bare ;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
The heavens and planets conscious of her death,
And every power, if any rules above,
Who minds or who revenges injur'd love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose :
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov'd around ;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
ground.

The flocks and herds, and parti-colour'd fowl
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake :
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find :
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart ;
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind :
' What shall I do ? what succour can I find ?
Become a suppliant to Iarbas' pride,
And take my turn to court and be denied ?
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe ?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd—
'Tis true—but am I sure to be receiv'd ?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place ?
Laomedon still lives in all his race !
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue ?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore ?
Will they again embark at my desire, [Tyre ?
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known—
Had I continued free, and still my own—
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.'
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night ;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears :
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears :

‘ Sleep’st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou
drown

Thy needful cares so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes; nor hear’st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate
(And thou shalt find the dire effects too late),
Fix’d on revenge, and obstinate to die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover’d o’er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman’s a various and a changeful thing.’
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix’d with night.

Twice warn’d by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then rous’d his drowsy train without delay;
‘ Haste to your banks! your crooked anchors

weigh,

And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea!
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urg’d us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred power! what power soe’er thou art,
To thy bless’d orders I resign my heart.
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And prosper the design thy will commands.’
He said; and drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twisted cord.
An emulating zeal inspires his train:
‘ They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.

With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with labouring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread,
When, from a tower, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward : but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
' And shall the' ungrateful traitor go (she said),
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd ?
Shall we not arm ? not rush from every street,
To follow, sink, and burn, his perjur'd fleet ?
Haste ! haul my galleys out ! pursue the foe !
Bring flaming brands ! set sail, and swiftly row !
What have I said ? Where am I ? Fury turns
My brain ; and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burden of his feeble father bore !
I should have torn him piecemeal—strow'd in
floods

His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods—
Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful, which on battle wait !
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate ?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band ;

At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fallen upon the pile, to mend the funeral
flame. }

Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below !
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow !
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes !
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods !
All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her death !
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
The' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose :
Oppress'd with numbers in the' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain :
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace :
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command ;
But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand, }
And lie unburied on the barren sand !—
These are my prayers, and this my dying will :
And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil.
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful offerings on my grave bestow ;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know !
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength sup-
plies the rage,

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjurd brood—
Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs—
And the same hate descend on all our heirs !

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.

Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead),
'Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare ;
The sheep, and all the atoning offerings, bring ;
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops : then let her come ; and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love ;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire ;
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.'

The nurse moves onward with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face ;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her
pace :

Ghastly she gaz'd ; with pain she drew her breath ;
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the funeral pile with furious haste ;
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind :
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd.)
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,

She paus'd; and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd, }
Then on the couch her trembling body cast, }
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last : }
' Dear pledges of my love while heaven so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd.
My fatal course is finish'd ; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd ;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appears'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore ?
Then kiss'd the couch : and ' Must I die, (she said)
And unreveng'd ? 'tis doubly to be dead !
Yet e'en this death with pleasure I receive :
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view ;
These boding omens his base flight pursue !
She said, and struck : deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple died :
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands ;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frighted court the yell began ;
Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran :
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.

Her sister hears : and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
' Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
These fires, this funeral pile, these altars rear'd ?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd (said she),
All only to deceive unhappy me ?
Which is the worst ? Didst thou in death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend ?
Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come :
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb :
Was I to raise the pile, the powers invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke ?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony !
Bring water ! bathe the wound ; while I in death
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath.'
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd,
Her temples chaf'd ; and her own garments tore,
To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
And, fainting, thrice fell groveling on the bed ;
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night. }
Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so lingering, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.
For, since she died, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,

And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know ;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light ;
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, ' I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to the' infernal gods I bear.'
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair :
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd
in air. }

ÆNEIS.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas, setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the Island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies are performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burned four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts the watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage, through the curling sea;
Then casting back his eyes, with dire amaze
Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.

The cause unknown ; yet his presaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd. }
He knew the stormy souls of womankind ;
What secret springs their eager passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love,
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw ;
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound—
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the heavens with shadows were o'erspread ;
A swelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head :
Livid it look'd—the threatening of a storm :
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud,
' What gusts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts presage ! Ere yet the tempest roars,
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars ;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind.'
The frightened crew perform the task assign'd.
Then, to his fearless chief, ' Not heaven, (said he) }
Though Jove himself should promise Italy,
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea. }
Mark, how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies ;
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
Much less against the tempest force their way. }
'Tis Fate diverts our course ; and Fate we must
obey. }
Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
The sonthing of the stars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores
In safety we may reach with struggling oars.'
Æneas then replied : ' Too sure I find,
We strive in vain against the seas and wind :

Now shift your sails : what place can please me more
Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore,
Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns?
The course resolv'd, before the western wind
They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.

Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,
Beheld the fleet descending on the land ;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran, with eager pace,
And held the hero in a strict embrace. }
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore ;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood ;
His sire Criniscus, a Sicilian flood.
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates, and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chas'd away
The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground :
' Offspring of heaven, divine Dardanian race !
The sun, revolving through the' ethereal space,
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since first this isle my father's ashes held :
And now the rising day renews the year—
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Though banish'd to Gætulia's barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands :
But, since this happy storm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven)

Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchises and his bless'd remains ;
Let us with joy perform his honours due, [new—
And pray for prosperous winds, our voyage to re-
Pray, that, in towns and temples of our own, }
The name of great Anchises may be known ; }
And yearly games may spread the god's renown. }
Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace :
Two steers on every ship the king bestows :
His gods and ours shall spare your equal vows.
Besides, if, nine days hence, the rosy morn
Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace :
Light galleys on the seas shall run a watery race ;
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend :
The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall stand
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd ;
And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd.
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head ;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd through the flowery plain,
To great Anchises' tomb ; which when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two (from offer'd bulls) of purple gore.

With roses then the sepulchre he strow'd,
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud :
' Hail, O ye holy manes ! hail again,
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain !
The gods permitted not, that you with me
Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy,
Or Tyber's flood, what flood soe'er it be.' }
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide ;
His huge bulk on seven high volumes roll'd ;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly
gold :

Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground ;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste :
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd,
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew ;
As many swine, and steers of sable hue ;
New generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchises' tomb ;
Some add more oxen ; some divide the spoil ; }
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil ;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies were bright
With rosy lustre of the rising light :
The bordering people, rous'd by sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel-wreaths, and palm—the victor's grace:
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye. }
The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims ;
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the watery lists appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind :
Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands,
Which rising like a towering city stands :
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar ;
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore ;
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar. }
Sergestus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place ;
Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood ;
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock : the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms ; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run ;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.

To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars ;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former
shores.

The lots decide their place. Above the rest,
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest ;
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows :
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine.
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign :
They gripe their oars ; and every panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear de-
press'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign ;
At once they start, advancing in a line :
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies ;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise ;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries. }
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row : }
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow }
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths }
below.

Not fiery coursers, in a chariot-race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace :
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends }
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends, }
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends. }
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills, rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before :
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursued him fast ;
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.

The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine
 With equal oars, advancing in a line :
 And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
 And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head :
 Now board to board the rival vessels row ;
 The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
 They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and his train
 In triumph rode, the victors of the main :
 But, steering round, he charg'd his pilot—' Stand
 More close to shore, and skim along the sand !
 Let others bear to sea.'—Menœtes heard ;
 But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
 And, fearing, sought the deep ; and still aloof he
 steer'd.

With louder cries the captain call'd again :

Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.
 He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he saw
 The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw.
 Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,
 And in a closer compass plough'd the flood.
 He pass'd the mark ; and, wheeling, got before :—
 Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
 Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.
 Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown
 His rising rage), and careless of his own,
 The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
 And hoisted up, and overboard he threw :
 'This done, he seiz'd the helm ; his fellows cheer'd ;
 Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
 Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his
 years :

Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.
 The crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,

Shout from the distant shore ; and loudly laught,
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew :
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark. Sergestus takes the place :
Mnestheus pursues ; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind ;
Then on the deck, amidst his mates, appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd :
' My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour ; tug the labouring oar ;
Stretch to your strokes, my still-unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this our common interest, let me find
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,
And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain ;
Though yet—but, ah ! that haughty wish is vain !
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain. }
But to be last, the lags of all the race !—
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.
Now, one and all, they tug amain ; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
The sea beneath them sinks ; their labouring sides
Are swell'd, and sweat runs guttering down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success :—
Sergestus, eager with his beak to press
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts up the unwieldy Centaur in the lock.
The vessel struck ; and, with the dreadful shock,
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.

The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the shores,
And gather from the sea their floating oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
Urge their success, and call the willing winds,
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compass, on the roomy sea.
As, when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
Rous'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes ;
The cavern rings with clattering ; out she flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies :
At first she flutters ; but at length she springs
To smother flight, and shoots upon her wings :
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea ;
And, flying with a force, that force assists his way.
Sergestus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practises to row with shatter'd oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies :
The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains :—
Her he pursues ; and all his vigour strains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude arise ;
Applauding Echo to the shouts replies :
Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling through
the skies. }
These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward :
Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran—
For they can conquer who believe they can.—

Both urge their oars; and Fortune both supplies;
(And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize)
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And succour from the watery powers demands:
' Gods of the liquid realms on which I row!
If, given by you, the laurel bind my brow,
(Assist to make me guilty of my vow!)
A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain:
His offer'd entrails cast into the main,
And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown,
Your grateful gift and my return shall own.'
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
Push'd on and sped the galley to the land.
Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head;
And three fat steers are to his vessel led—
The ship's reward—with generous wine beside,
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;
The victor honour'd with a nobler vest,
Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
And needle-work its happy cost bestows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart:
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
When from aloft descends, in open view,
The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.

In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him soaring through the skies,
And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries. }

Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd ;
And, summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd—
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore,
In single combat on the Trojan shore. }

This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess—
In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,
But yet so ponderous with its plates of gold,
That scarce two servants could the weight sustain :
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Pursued, and lightly seiz'd, the Trojan train. }
The third, succeeding to the last reward,
Two goodly howls of massy silver shar'd,
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus all, rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.
And now Segestus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.
Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore :
As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
Is crush'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels ; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground—
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along ;
Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her tongue ;
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales ;
But, groveling in the dust, her parts unsound she
trails.

So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But, what she wants in oars, with sails amends.
Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd the unhappy chief to recompense :
Pholoë, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan hero bent
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.
Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theatre, which, rising slow
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a silvan throne the leader sate ;
A numerous train attend in solemn state.
Here those, that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honour, and the prize, invite.
The rival runners without order stand ;
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band,
First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears—
Euryalus, a boy of blooming years,
With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd—
Nisus, for friendship to the youth, renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place ;
(But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius, his from Acarnanian earth) ;
Then two Sicilian youths—the names of these
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes
(Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred,
And owning old Acestes for their head),
With several others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,
In words which general approbation gain'd :—

' One common largess is for all design'd,
(The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd):
'Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,
A silver-studded axe, alike bestow'd.

'The foremost three have olive-wreaths decreed:

The first of these obtains a stately steed
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,

With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied:

A golden belt shall gird his manly side,

Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.

The third this Grecian helmet shall content.'

He said. To their appointed base they went;

With beating hearts the' expected sign receive,

And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.

Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,

And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.

Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd;

Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.

The next, but, though the next, yet far disjoin'd,

Came Salius; and Euryalus behind;

Then Helymus, whom young Dioreas plied,

Step after step, and almost side by side,

His shoulders pressing—and, in longer space,

Had won, or left at least a dubious race.

Now, spent, the goal they almost reach at last,

When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,

Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,

Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain.

The careless victor had not mark'd his way;

But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,

His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor

He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.

Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove the' immediate rival's hope to cross,
And caught the foot of Salius as he rose :
So Salius lay extended on the plain :
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd :—applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
Next Helymus ; and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third, in fame.

But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd ;
Urges his cause may in the court be heard ;
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears ;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize ;
Besides, Diores fills the court with cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince : ' Let no disputes arise :
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
But Fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend.'
He said, and, from among the spoils, he draws
(Ponderous with shaggy mane and golden paws)
A lion's hide : to Salius this he gives :
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
• If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due
(He said), and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame ?
In falling, both an equal fortune tried ;
Would Fortune for my fall so well provide !'

With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands and all his habit smear'd with blood.
The' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield,
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This given to Nisus, he divides the rest,
And equal justice in his gifts express'd.
The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
Once more the prince bespeaks the attentive crowd :
' If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His opposite sustain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief:
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.'

Then haughty Dares in the lists appears ;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears :
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield ;
And loud applauses echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand
The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand ;
The same, at Hector's funerals, undertook
Gigantic Butes, of the' Anycian stock,
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
Such Dares was ; and such he strode along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back and ample breast he shows ;
His lifted arms around his head he throws,
And deals, in whistling air, his empty blows. }

His match is sought ; but, through the trembling band,
Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awless insolence,
And, having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince :—
' If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit, without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away.'
The crowd assents, and, with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see
The palm usurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the Trojan's pride :—
' Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,
A prize in triumph borne before your sight,
And shun for fear the danger of the fight?
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?
Where now your baffled honour? where the spoil
That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?'
Entellus, thus :—' My soul is still the same,
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame :
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
Oh! could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaster is so vain!
The brave, who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.'
He said ; and, rising at the word, he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down in open view—

Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And sheath his hands with, in the listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with seven distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull-hides: the space within is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.

Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.

What had your wonder (said Entellus) been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green! }
'These, which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With these he long sustain'd the' Herculean arm;
And these I wielded while my blood was warm,
This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my
But, if the challenger these arms refuse, [head.
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
If great Æneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight;
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right.'
'This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;
Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares;
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn, he stands,
A goodly towering object on the sands.
Then just Æneas equal arms supplied,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they tied.
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
Their arms aloft, their bodies iuly bent;

Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his sinews, and his giant size.
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow;
He heaves for breath; he staggers to and fro;
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly
blow. }

Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.
A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes—
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But with his warping body wards the wound.
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place,
And, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
Views all the' approaches with observing eyes;
This and that other part in vain he tries,
And more on industry than force relies. }
With hands on high, Entellus threatens the foe; }
But Dares watch'd the motion from below, }
And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long-descending }
blow. }

Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,
And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breast,
And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.

So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots. The differing nations rise ;
And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.
Acestes runs with eager haste, to raise
The fallen companion of his youthful days.
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd :
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury,
burn'd.

Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast ;
And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain ;
Nor stops, nor stays ; nor rest nor breath allows ;
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows. }
But now the prince, who saw the wild increase }
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease, }
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace. }
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
' What fury seiz'd my friend ? The gods (said he),
To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have given his arm superior force to thine.
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine.'
The gauntlet-fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore :
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood ;
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The sword and casque are carried by his train ;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion, then, before Æneas came,
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame :
' O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast :
Learn what I was, by what remains ; and know,
From what impending fate you sav'd my foe.'
Sternly he spoke ; and then confronts the bull ;
And, on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke, descending, pierc'd the skull. }
Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground,
Then thus : ' In Dares' stead I offer this.
Eryx ! accept a nobler sacrifice :
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield :
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field,'
This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers, with contending bows.
The mast, Sergestus' shatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raises on the shore.
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names : the lots are drawn ;
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon :
The people shout. Upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd,
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Acestes, in the bottom, last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd,

Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows ;
And from the quiver each his arrow chose.
Hippocoon's was the first : with forceful sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands :
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands ;
And the tree trembled ; and the shouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove,
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord,
Which fasten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood ;
And, having first invok'd his brother god,
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled :
She leaves her life aloft ; she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains,
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent :
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd ; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames, ascending, drew :
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way ;
Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.

The Dardan prince put on a smiling face
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace ;
Then honouring him with gifts above the rest,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
' The gods (said he) this miracle have wrought,
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old :
' This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give.'
He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd,
Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize,
Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd ;
The third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
' The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son,
And whisper'd thus : ' With speed Ascanius find ;
And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horse-back let him grace his grandsire's day,
And lead his equals arm'd in just array.'
He said ; and, calling out, the cirque he clears.
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers, in a line : [shine. }
The riders grace the steeds ; the steeds withglory. }
Thus marching on in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore ;
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before.

Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a space between. }

The first young Priam led—a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was the' unhappy king of Troy;
(His race in after-times was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name)— }
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became. }
White were the fetlocks of his feet before;
And on his front a snowy star he bore.
Then beauteous Atys, with Iulus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place ¹,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius, on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view;
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace,
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

The' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their sires, and, at the' appointed sign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The second signal sounds: the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd
guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin:
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line,

¹ Dr. Carey read *grace*.

They meet ; they wheel ; they throw their darts afar,
With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run ;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun ;
Broken, they break ; and, rallying, they renew
In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denied recess ;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a different way,
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase
In circles, when they swim around the watery race.
This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught ;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought ;
Show'd what he learn'd : the Latin sires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art :
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game,
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name,
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate :
But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate :
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views ;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below ;
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gathering crowd ; and, gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.

The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,
 With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan :
 Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
 Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
 ' Alas ! (said one) what oceans yet remain
 For us to sail ! what labours to sustain !'
 All take the word, and, with a general groan,
 Implore the gods for peace, and places of their own.
 The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,
 And in a woman's form her heavenly limbs restrains.
 In face and shape, old Beroë she became,
 Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame, }
 Once bless'd with riches; and a mother's name. }
 Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
 Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began :
 ' O wretched we ! whom not the Grecian power,
 Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour !
 O wretched we ! reserv'd by cruel Fate,
 Beyond the ruins of the sinking state !
 Now seven revolving years are wholly run,
 Since this improsperous voyage we begun ;
 Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to
 Inhospitable rocks and barren sands, [lands,
 Wandering in exile, through the stormy sea,
 We search in vain for flying Italy.
 Now cast by Fortune on this kindred land,
 What should our rest and rising walls withstand, }
 Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band ? }
 O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
 If still in endless exile we remain !
 Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
 Or streams of some dissembled Simois view ?
 Haste ! join with me ! the' unhappy fleet consume !
 Cassandra bids ; and I declare her doom.

In sleep I saw her ; she supplied my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands :
‘ With these (said she) these wandering ships de-
stroy :
‘ These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.’ }
Time calls you now ; the precious hour employ :
Slack not the good presage, while heaven inspires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See ! Neptune’s altars minister their brands :
The god is pleas’d ; the god supplies our hands.’
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,
And, toss’d in air, amidst the galleys threw.
Rapt in amaze, the matrons wildly stare :
Then Pyrgo, reverenc’d for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam’s numerous race,
‘ No Beroë this, though she belies her face !
What terrors from her frowning front arise !
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes !
What rays around her heavenly face are seen !
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien !
Beroë but now I left, whom, pin’d with pain,
Her age and anguish from these rites detain.’
She said. The matrons, seiz’d with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey :
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddess, having done her task below, [bow.
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted
Struck with the sight, and seiz’d with rage divine,
The matrons prosecute their mad design :
They shriek aloud : they snatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars : firs and flaming brands,
Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,
And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.

The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains ;
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins :
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
And seizes, in his way, the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then, what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes :
A storm of sparkles, and of flames, arise.
Ascanius took the' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing steed,
And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd ;
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haste.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew :
' What madness moves you, matrons ! to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy ?
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
Behold your own Ascanius !—While he said, }
He drew his glittering helmet from his head, }
In which the youths to sportful arms he led, }
By this, Æneas and his train appear ;
And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight,
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light ;
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.
Not so the raging fires their fury cease,
But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
Work on their way amid the smould'ring tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.

Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends or mounts, but still prevails ;
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heaven his hands, and, with his hands, his vows.
' O Jove ! (he cried) if prayers can yet have place ;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race ;
If any spark of pity still remain ;
If gods are gods, and not invoc'd in vain ;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train !
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free !
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below.'

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise.
From pole to pole, the fork lightning flies :
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain :
Heaven bellies downward, and descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which, hissing through the planks, the flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone
Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates,—or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wise—to whom alone
The will of heaven by Pallas was foreshown—
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd—
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With cheerful words reliev'd his labouring mind :

' O goddess-born ! resign'd in every state,
With patience bear, with prudence push, your fate.
By suffering well, our fortune we subdue ;
Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind :

To him disclose the secrets of your mind :
Trust in his hands your old and useless train,
Too numerous for the ships which yet remain—
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
With all the dastard crew who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land.
Here you may build a common town for all,
And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call.'

The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd, his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when, to his slumbering
eyes,

His father's shade descended from the skies ;
And thus he spoke : ' O, more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear even after death !
O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd !
The king of heaven employs my careful ghost
On his commands—the god who sav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire.
The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,
And here the coward train and women leave :
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The stern Italians will their courage try :
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,
And seek my shade among the bless'd below :

For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains. }
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,
And blood of offer'd victims free the way.
'There shall you know what realms the gods assign,
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now farewell! I vanish with the night,
And feel the blast of heaven's approaching light.' }
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy
flight. }

'Whither so fast? (the filial duty cried)
And why, ah! why the wish'd embrace denied?'
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense, and their aid implores.
Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision, and the god's intent,
With his own purpose.—All, without delay,
The will of Jove, and his desires, obey.
They list with women each degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life for future fame.
These they cashier. The brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables, half consum'd, renew.
The prince designs a city with the plough:
The lots their several tenements allow.
'This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new king ascends the throne with joy:
A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then, on the top of Eryx, they begin
A rising temple to the Paphian queen.

Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god :
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd ;
And groves are planted round his bless'd abode. }
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd ;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas :
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.

Now loud laments along the shores resound,
Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war :
Whom good Æneas cheers ; and recommends
To their new master's care his fearful friends.
On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays ;
A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas ;
Then slips his halsers, and his anchors weighs. }
High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
With olive crown'd ; a charger in his hands ;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
Fresh gales arise : with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Meantime the mother-goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears :
' The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
The malice, which no sufferings can assuage,
Compel me to these prayers ; since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.
E'en Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife ;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.

As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore the imperial crown,
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
And gnaws, e'en to the bones, the last remains.
Let her the causes of her hatred tell ;
But you can witness its effects too well.
You saw the storm she rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mountain billows with the clouds ;
When, bribing Æolus, she took the main,
And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames,
To burn their fleet with execrable flames,
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast.
For what remains, your godhead I implore,
And trust my son to your protecting power.
If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land.'

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main :
' What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign?
My kingdom claims your birth : my late defence
Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus ! and thee, Simois ! I attest—
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against the walls the trembling train ;
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain ;
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood up on ridges to behold the sea [way) ;
(New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds
Of force unequal, and unequal gods ;

I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight—
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the same : fair goddess ! fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore :
Their lives are given : one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.'

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides :
Its axles thunder ; and the sea subsides ;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides. }
The tempests fly before their father's face ;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace ;
And monster whales before their master play,
And cheirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.
The marshal'd powers in equal troops divide }
To right and left : the gods his better side
Inclose ; and, on the worse, the Nymphs and
Nereids ride. }

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display ; }
The cheerful crew with diligence obey ;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea. }
A-head of all the master pilot steers ;
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The steeds of Night had travel'd half the sky ;
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie ;
When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.

Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey ;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears ;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas
wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale :
' The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale ;
The ships, without thy care, securely sail. }
Now steal an hour of sweet repose ; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.'
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep :
' Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous deep,
The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race ?
Shall I believe the Siren South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main ?
He said : his fasten'd hands the rudder keep ;
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw [dew :
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian
The pilot, vanquish'd by the power divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length ;
The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air ;
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies :
But what the man forsook, the god supplies ; }
And, o'er the dangerous deep, secure the navy flies ; }
Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,

And white with bones. The' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks ; and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death ; and thus his pain express'd :
' For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to
lie.'

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

HE said, and wept; then spread his sails before }
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumans shore: }
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor. }
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
And greet with greedy joy the Italian strand.
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through valleys the discover'd floods.
Thus while their several charges they fulfil,
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill

Where Phœbus is ador'd ; and seeks the shade,
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode ;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Through Trivia's grove they walk ; and now behold,
And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by Fame, }
To the Cumæan coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built this costly frame. }
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky :
Then, o'er the lofty gate, his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and (offerings to his ghost)
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to these the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast :
The mournful parents stand around in tears ;
And rising Crete against their shore appears.
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen ;
Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye ;
The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny—
The lower part a beast, a man above—
The monument of their polluted love.
Not far from thence he grav'd the wonderous maze,
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways :
Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
Not to be found, but by the faithful clue ;
Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief,

And all those erring paths describ'd so well,
That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold ;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.

All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd :
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the rest——Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame,
The priestess of the god, Deïphobe her name. }
' Time suffers not, (she said) to feed your eyes
With empty pleasures : haste the sacrifice.
Seven bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choose,
And for Diana seven unspotted ewes.'
This said, the servants urge the sacred rites,
While to the temple she the prince invites.
A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,
Through the hill's hollow sides : before the place,
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace :
As many voices issue, and the sound
Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries,
' This is the time ! inquire your destinies !
He comes ! behold the god !' Thus while she said
(And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
Her colour chang'd ; her face was not the same ;
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up ; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breast.
Greater than human kind she seem'd to look,
And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.

Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll ;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke,
' Why this delay? (she cried)—the powers invoke.
Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.'
She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd :
' Indulgent god ! propitious power to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy !
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part !
Thus far, by Fate's decrees and thy commands,
'Through ambient seas and through devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought the' Ausonian ground :
And now, at length, the flying coast is found.
'Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has pursued her wandering race.
Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengeance end :
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
The' event of things in dark futurity !
Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian state ;
To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and solemn prayer ;
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land :
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,

Preserv'd in shrines : and every sacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey—
All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
But, oh ! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate :
Write not, but, what the powers, ordain, relate.'

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd ;
Commands his entrance, and, without controul,
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves ; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores :
' Escap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
The coast, so long desir'd, (nor doubt the' event)
Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars, I view—a field of blood,
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there :
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,
Driven to solicit aid at every court !
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd—
A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.

The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown, [town.
From—whence thou least shalt hope—a Grecian

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke ; }
And the resisting air the thunder broke ; }
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook. }
The' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring }
breast, }

In these mysterious words his mind express'd ; }
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest. }

At length her fury fell ; her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief : No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new.

Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare, [care.

The Fates, without my power, shall be without my

This let me crave ; since near your grove the road }

To hell lies open, and the dark abode, }

Which Acheron surrounds, the' innavigable flood— }

Conduct me through the regions void of light,

And lead me longing to my father's sight.

For him, a thousand dangers I have sought, }

And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought, }

Safe on my back the sacred burden brought. }

He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried, }

And wrath of heaven (my still auspicious guide), }

And bore, beyond the strength decrepit age sup- }

plied.

Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,

His reverend image stood before my sight ;

Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade—

Conducted there by your unerring aid.

But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,

Oblige the father, and protect the son.

Yours is the power ; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
And from the shades below redeem his wife ;
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother, and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below ;—
Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could
ascend ?—

Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came :

My mother greater, my descent the same.'

So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus replied the prophetess divine :

' O goddess-horn, of great Anchises' line !

The gates of hell are open night and day ;

Smooth the descent, and easy is the way :

But, to return, and view the cheerful skies—

In this the task and mighty labour lies.

To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,

And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.

Betwixt those regions and our upper light,

Deep forests and impenetrable night

Possess the middle space : the' infernal bounds

Cœcytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.

But, if so dire a love your soul invades,

As twice below to view the trembling shades ;

If you so hard a toil will undertake,

As twice to pass the' innavigable lake ;

Receive my counsel. In the neighbouring grove

There stands a tree : the queen of Stygian Jove

Claims it her own ; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears ; but (wondrous to behold)
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold :
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies.
The first thus rent, a second will arise ;
And the same metal the same room supplies. }
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree :
Then rend it off, as holy rites command :
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state :
If not, no labour can the tree constrain ;
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel, are vain.
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
The' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend :
Breathless he lies ; and his unburied ghost,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues : and, for the dead,
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led ;
Then, living turfs upon his body lay :
This done, securely take the destin'd way, }
To find the regions destitute of day.' }
She said, and held her peace.—Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of discontent, }
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant ; }
Achates, the companion of his breast,
Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd,
What friend the priestess by those words design'd.

But soon they found an object to deplore :
Misenus lay extended on the shore—
Son of the god of winds :—none so renown'd,
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound,
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.
He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He chose Æneas ; and he chose as well.
Sworn with applause, and aiming still at more,
He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore.
With envy, Triton heard the martial sound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd ;
Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand.—
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep ; but most Æneas mourns his fate ;
And hastens to perform the funeral state.
In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear ;
The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
(The shady covert of the savage kind),
The Trojans found : the sounding axe is plied :
Pines, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke ;
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn-oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then with vows implor'd the queen of love :

' O! may thy power, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death.'
Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.

He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
' Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
Whose glittering shadow gilds the sacred ground.
' And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
In this distress, be present to my prayer.'
Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watchful sight
Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs they
shew.

They fed, and, fluttering, by degrees withdrew
Still farther from the place; but still in view:
Hopping and flying thus they led him on
To the slow lake; whose baleful stench to shun,
They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden
bough.

Through the green leaves the glittering shadows
glow;

As on the sacred oak, the wintery misletoe,
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
Such was the glittering; such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with gripping hold,
And rent away, with ease, the lingering gold,

Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Meantime, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes, }
'To dead Misenus pay his obsequies. }
First, from the ground, a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir :
The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.
The topmost part his glittering arms adorn ;
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint ;
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore :
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay, }
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away : }
(Such reverent rites their fathers us'd to pay.) }
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour :
Then on the living coals, red wine they pour ;
And, last, the reliques by themselves dispose,
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
Old Corynæus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive-branch in holy dew ;
Which thrice he sprinkled round ; and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd.

But good Æneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore, }
A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar. }
Thus was his friend interr'd : and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.

These rites perform'd, the prince without delay
Hastes, to the nether world, his destin'd way.

Deep was the cave ; and, downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent ;
And here the' access a gloomy grove defends ;
And here the' innavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight ;
Such deadly stench from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns ;
Then cuts the curling hair ; that first oblation
burns,
Invoking Hecat hither to repair—
A powerful name in hell and upper air.
The sacred priests, with ready knives, bereave
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
The streaming blood : a lamb to Hell and Night
(The sable wool without a streak of white)
Æneas offers ; and, by Fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills :
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills :
Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours ;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
Nor ended, till the next returning sun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
Ere Hecat came.—' Far hence be souls profane !
(The Sibyl cried)—and from the grove abstain !

Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford :
Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space :
The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight !
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night !
Ye gliding ghosts ! permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.

Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead.
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their
eyes,

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage ;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother,
Sleep

(Forms terrible to view), their sentry keep ;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind ;
The Furies' iron beds ; and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes,
Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad ;
The god of sleep there hides his heavy head ;
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more,
Centaur, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands ;

Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Offering his brandish'd weapon at their face;
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what those empty phantoms were—
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost :
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—
A sordid god : down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean :
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire ;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire ;
He spreads his canvass ; with his pole he steers ;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom
bears.

He look'd in years ; yet, in his years, were seen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood—
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their father's eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands—
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands, }
And press for passage with extended hands. }

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore :
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.

The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd!
' Son of Anchises? offspring of the gods!
(The Sibyl said) you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are the' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchres and funeral due:
The boatman, Charon: those, the buried host
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet
 graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.
Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow
 knew.

Then thus the prince : ' What envious power, O friend !

Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end ?

For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,

Has in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.

The god foretold you should not die, before

You reach'd, secure from seas, the' Italian shore.

Is this the' unerring power ?"—The ghost replied :

' Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers lied ;

Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep :

But, while the stars and course of heaven I keep, }

My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep. }

I fell ; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd

Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.

Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,

Your safety, more than mine, was then my care ;

Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,

Your ship should run against the rocky coast.

Three blustering nights, borne by the southern blast,

I floated, and discover'd land at last :

High on a mounting wave, my head I bore,

Forcing my strength, and gathering to the shore.

Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd

The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members cas'd.

While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,

The cruel nation, covetous of prey,

Stain'd with my blood the' unhospitable coast :

And now by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs
are toss'd :

Which, O ! avert, by yon ethereal light,

Which I have lost for this eternal night :

Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,

By your dead sire, and by your living son,

Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost,
Or with your navy seek the Vélín coast,
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose ;
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows
(Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake),
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore.'
Scarce had he said ; the prophetess began :
' What hopes delude thee, miserable man ?
Think'st thou, thus untomb'd to cross the floods, }
' To view the Furies and infernal gods, }
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes ?
Attend the term of long revolving years :
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears ².
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take—
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue the' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn prayer ;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.'
This calm'd his cares—sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw :
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw ;
Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood :
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath :
' Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread ! I charge thee, stand,
And tell thy name, and business in the land.

* Dr. Carey reads prayers.

Know, this the realm of night—the Stygian shore :
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er :
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear
(Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear),
Nor strong Alcides—men of mighty fame ;
And from the' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter tied,
And took him trembling from his sovereign's side :
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride.' }
To whom the Sibyl thus : ' Compose thy mind :
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops constrain }
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train ;
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain. }
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove, }
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love, }
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove. }
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
This fatal present shall prevail, at least—
Then show'd the shining bough, conceal'd within
her vest.

No more was needful : for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod ;
Admir'd the destin'd offering to his queen—
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land :
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command :
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight ;
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides :
The pressing water pours within her sides.
His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.

No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard ;
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
With three enormous mouths he gapes ; and straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave ;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took the irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new-born,
Whom Fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears : then those, whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause,
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears ;
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
The next, in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally threw their souls away—
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
With late repentance, now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live ;
Their pains and poverty desire to bear, [air :
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital
But Fate forbids ; the Stygian floods oppose,
And, with nine circling streams, the captive souls
inclose.

Not far from hence the Mournful Fields appear,
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there,
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves—
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves :
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man,
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood ;
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
(Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light),
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade ;
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said :
' Unhappy queen ! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas ! the cause ?—By heaven, I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by Fate—
Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might
Have sent me to these regions void of light,
Through the vast empire of eternal night. }
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows !
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows !

In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
With tears and prayers, and late-repenting love.
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
She fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
And, what he says and swears, regards no more
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night;
Then sought Sichæus through the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her
love.

Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,
Then took the forward way, by Fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the further fields attain'd,
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls
remain'd.

Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train,
All much lamented, all in battle slain—
Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest,
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend,
And with unwearied eyes behold their friend:
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What business brought him to the realms below.

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady
plain,

Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
 As when his thundering sword and pointed spear
 Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the
 routed rear.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes :
 But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.
 Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found,
 Whose face and limbs were one continued wound.
 Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
 Spoil'd of his nose and shorten'd of his ears.
 He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
 His blotted form, and blushing to be known ;
 And therefore first began : ' O Teucer's race !
 Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface ?
 What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this
 dire disgrace ?

'Twas fam'd, that, in our last and fatal night,
 Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
 Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
 And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
 But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
 A tomb and funeral honours I decreed ;
 Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains :
 The place your armour and your name retains.
 Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
 Design'd for burial in your native ground.'

The ghost replied : ' Your piety has paid
 All needful rites, to rest my wandering shade :
 But cruel Fate, and my more cruel wife,
 To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
 These are the monuments of Helen's love—
 The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
 You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
 The night, that was by heaven decreed our last.

For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd the unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest; }
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd;
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.— }
Avenging powers! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state.
Driven by the winds and errors of the sea, }
Or did you heaven's superior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
To view, with mortal eyes, our dark retreats,
'Tumults and torments of the infernal seats.'

While thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass,
The sun had finish'd more than half his race;
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay which heaven had lent:
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
'Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day;

'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides :
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides :
The left to that unhappy region tends
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends—
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.' }
'Then thus Deiphobus : ' O sacred maid !
Forbear to chide ; and be your will obey'd.
Lo ! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.'
He said : and, while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, espied
A lofty tower and strong on every side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds : }
And, press'd betwixt the rocks the bellowing
noise resounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high,
With adamantine columns, threatens the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain,
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd ;
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise ;
And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air.

She thus replied : ' The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecat, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led the trembling through these dire abodes, }
And taught the tortures of the' avenging gods. }
These are the realms of unrelenting Fate ;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime ;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal
(Loth to confess, unable to conceal),
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost the Fury shakes }
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes, }
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes. }
Then, of itself, unfolds the' eternal door :
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulf low to the centre lies,
And twice as deep, as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within the' unfathom'd space.
Here lie the' Aloëan twins (I saw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thunderer to defy,
Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.
Salmonens, suffering cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove ; the rattling sound

Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.
Through Elis, and the Grecian towns, he flew :
The' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew :
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool ! with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
To rival thunder in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force !
But he, the king of heaven, obscure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon struck.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heaven, his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A ravenous vulture, in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried ;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast :
The growing liver still supplied the feast ;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains :
The' immortal hunger lasts, the' immortal food re-
Ixion and Pirithous I could name, [mains.
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at every blast.
They lie below on golden beds display'd ;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The queen of Furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths the' untasted meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.

'Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
Expel their parents and usurp the throne ;
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold—
Who dare not give, and e'en refuse to lend,
To their poor kindred or a wanting friend—
Vast is the throng of these ; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adultery slain—
Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains ; nor further seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty stone ; some, laid along,
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels
are hung.

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by Fate on his eternal chair :
And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries
(Could warning make the world more just or wise),
' Learn righteousness, and dread the' avenging
deities.'

To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold :
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd.
All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd,
attain'd.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

But let us haste our voyage to pursue :
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view,
The gate, and iron arch above :—it stands—
On anvils labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.
Before our farther way the Fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough.
She said : and through the gloomy shades they pass'd,
And chose the middle path.—Arriv'd at last,
The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body ; then approach'd the door,
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie,
With æther vested, and a purple sky—
The blissful seats of happy souls below :
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And, on the green contend the wrestler's prize.
Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing :
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at once
they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
Assaræus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war.
Their lances fix'd in earth—their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.

The love of horses which they had, alive,
 And care of chariots, after death survive.
 Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
 Some did the song, and some the choir, maintain,
 Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
 Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
 Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
 In fighting-fields, were prodigal of blood:
 Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
 And poets worthy their inspiring god:
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
 Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts;
 Those who, to worth, their bounty did extend,
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.
 The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
 And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd, }
 And first to him surrounded by the rest— }
 (Towering his height, and ample was his breast)— }
 ' Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,
 Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
 To find the hero, for whose only sake
 We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter
 To this the sacred poet thus replied: [lake?
 ' In no fix'd place the happy souls reside,
 In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
 By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
 But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
 The path conducts you to your journey's end.'
 This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
 And shows them all the shining fields below. }
 They wind the hill, and through the blissful }
 meadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—
'Those happy spirits which, ordain'd by Fate,
For future being and new bodies wait—
With studious thought observ'd the illustrious throng,
In Nature's order as they pass'd along—
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care;
In peaceful senates, and successful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
'Welcome, (he said) the gods' undoubted race! }
O long expected to my dear embrace! }
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face! }
'The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
'The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes
deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast!
How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast.'
To this, the filial duty thus replies: }
'Your sacred ghost, before my sleeping eyes, }
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise. }
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shade! nor shun
'The dear embraces of your longing son!'
He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A separate grove: through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through
the trees :

And, just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew
In summer's heat ; on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed :
The winged army roams the field around ;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wondering stood, then ask'd the cause,
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the sire : ' The souls that throng the flood
Are those, to whom, by Fate, are other bodies ow'd :
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race,
That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
To seek the shores by destiny design'd.'—
' O father ! can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath ?'
Anchises, then in order, thus begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike son : [frame,
' Know first, that heaven, and earth's compacted
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds—and animates the whole.
This active mind, infus'd through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
'The' ethereal vigour is in all the same ;
And every soul is fill'd with equal flame—
As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay
Of mortal members subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day. }
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief, and joy : nor can the groveling mind, }
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind : }
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains ;
But long-contracted filth e'en in the soul remains.
'The' relics of inveterate vice they wear ;
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd ;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear : }
'The' few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air. }
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The scurf is worn away, of each committed crime ;
No speck is left of their habitual stains ;
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past
(So long their punishments and penance last),
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours and their irksome years,

That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.'
'Thus having said, the father-spirit leads
The priestess and his son through swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
'Survey (pursued the sire) this airy throng,
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along,
These are the Italian names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear :
Silvius is he, thy last-begotton race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place—
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood :
Born in the covert of a shady wood,
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
And, born a king, a race of kings beget ;—
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys and Numitor, of endless fame.
A second Silvius after these appears—
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—
For arms and justice equally renown'd ;
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
How great they look ; how vigorously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield !
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear :
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found ;
And raise Collatian towers on rocky ground,

All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a
See Romulus the great, born to restore [name.
The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
This prince a priestess of our blood shall bear ;
And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
Two rising crests his royal head adorn :
Born from a god, himself to godhead born,
His sire already signs him for the skies,
And marks his seat amidst the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—
Rome, whose ascending towers shall heaven invade,
Involving earth and ocean in her shade ;
High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race,
Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd :
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply,
Her offspring all ; and all command the sky.
Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
There mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, [power.
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd
But next behold the youth of form divine—
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold, }
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old ; }
Born to restore a better age of gold. }
Afric and India shall his power obey ; }
He shall extend his propagated sway }
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way, }
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.

At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar ;
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew, [fates.
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore ;
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nysa's top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?—
But what's the man, who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back : I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds,
He shall his troops for fighting-fields prepare,
Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, the' avenging sword
Of Brutus justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
He first renews the rods and axe severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.

His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd in open sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
Unhappy man ! to break the pious laws
Of nature pleading in his children's cause !
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good :
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood. }
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue ;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view—
'The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
'With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes
o'ercome.

The pair you see in equal armour shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join ;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue :
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall ensue !
From Alpine heights the father first descends ;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends : }
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends. }
Embrace again, my sons ! be foes no more ;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore !
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name !
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils,
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause ;

Shall drag in chains their Achillean race ;
Shall vindicate his ancestor's disgrace,
And Pallas, for her violated place. }
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conquering Cossus goes with laurels crown'd,
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see,
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease to' admire
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim ;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate !
Let others better mould the running mass }
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face ;
Plead better at the bar ; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome ! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway, }
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way ; }
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free :—
'These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.' [view'd
He paus'd—and, while with wondering eyes they
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd :
' See great Marcellus ! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal
spoils !
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright ;
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight ;

Then to the Capitol in triumph move ;
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
A godlike youth in glittering armour shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace :
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's
' His son, or one of his illustrious name ? [side ?
How like the former, and almost the same !
Observe the crowds that compass him around :
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound :
But hovering mists around his brows are spread ;
And night, with sable shades, involves his head.
' Seek not to know. (the ghost replied with tears)
The sorrows of thy sons in future years,
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian Field !
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield !
What funeral pomp shall floating Tyber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad
solemnity !
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost !
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth !
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth !
No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting-field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield,

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!

Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring :
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow :
This gift which parents to their children owe, }
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow ! }
Thus having said, he led the hero round
The confines of the bless'd Elysian ground ;
Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars, ordain'd by Fate ;
The strength and customs of the Latian state ;
The prince, and people : and fore-arms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn ;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn :
True visions through transparent horn arise :
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, through the gate of ivory he dismiss'd
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way, }
Embark'd his men, and skim'd along the sea, }
Still coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay. }
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor :
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore,

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Allecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains:
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night;
Serenely shone the stars; the moon was bright; }
And the sea trembled with her silver light.

Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun),
A dangerous coast!—The goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night;
And cedar brauds supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.

These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour),
With words and wicked herbs, from humankind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host
Should bear, or touch upon the' enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
Supplied with these they skim the sounding shore,
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer through the skies,
When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds were blown,
A sudden silence sate upon the sea,
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.

The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror, stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tyber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled: and with downward force

That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.
The captain gives command : the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, Erato ! thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was ; her ancient kings :
Declare the past and present state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man :
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage ;
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate,
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd ;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd :
His father Faunus : a Laurentian dame
His mother ; fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus : Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed :

His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate :
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen :
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand :
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood ;
Where rites divine were paid ; whose holy hair
Was kept and cut with superstitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd :
And last, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
It happen'd once, (a boding prodigy !)
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight)
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight ;
There, with their clasping feet, together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An aucient angur prophesied from hence :
' Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince !
From the same parts of heaven his navy stands,
To the same parts on earth : his army lands ;
The town he conquers, and the tower commands.' }
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,
(Strange to relate !) the flames, involv'd in smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke,

Caught her dishevel'd hair, and rich attire :
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire :
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views,
Then, pausing, thus his prophecy renews :
' The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd ;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state.
Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent,
For counsel to his father Faunus went,
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's sulphurous fountain lie.
To those the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when distress'd ; and thence relief demand :
' The priest on skins of offerings takes his ease,
And nightly visions in his slumber sees :
A swarm of thin ærial shapes appears,
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears.
These he consults, the future fates to know,
From powers above, and from the fiends below :
Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice :
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears ; and thus the vision spoke :
' Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.

His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound :
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.' }
These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd :
The fame through all the neighbouring nations
flew,

When now the Trojan navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread ; }
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
They sate ; and (not without the god's command)
Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling, said,
' See ! we devour the plates on which we fed.'
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies—
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes) :
" All hail, O earth ! all hail, my household gods !
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes !
For thus Anchises prophesied of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold ;
' When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
And the long labours of your voyage end.
Remember on that happy coast to build ;
And with a trench inclose the fruitful field.'
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.

Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ, }
To search the land, and where the cities lie, }
And what the men; but give this day to joy. }
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is bless'd,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast :
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught :
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought."

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows ;
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then Earth, the mother of the heavenly race,
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove,
And last his sire below, and mother-queen above.

Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud. [aloud ;
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew,
The time was come their city to renew.
Then every brow with cheerful green is crown'd ;
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to several parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,
The coasts, and trendings of the crooked shore :
Here Tyber flows, and here Numicus stands ;
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs
(The spacious palace where their prince resides),
And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides,

They go commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
The new-elected seat, and draws the lines.
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.

Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town and lofty towers survey;
At length approach the walls. Without the gate,
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory;
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
And round encompass'd with a rising wood. }
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sovereign power: }
In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore }
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood—

Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high :
And Italus, that led the colony ;
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines ;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his generous wines ;
Then warlike kings who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts, hung helmets, darts, and spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their
wars.

Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd ; a buckler in his hand ;
His other wav'd a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabine gown the hero sate,
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate :
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain :
Then, mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart ;
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd plumies, a chattering pie.
In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sate ;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train ;
And thus, with pleasing accents, he began :
' Tell me, ye Trojans—for that name you own ;
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound ?
Were you by stress of weather cast aground ?
(Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
And oft befall to miserable men) ;

Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want: the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind, (but time the tale has worn)
The' Aurunci told, that Dardanns, though born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before.
From Tuscan Corythum he claim'd his birth:
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice.'
He said.—Ilioneus made this reply:
' O king, of Faunns' royal family!
Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wandering course betray.
Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,
The port, so long desir'd, at length we found;
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above;
And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town, devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.

From that dire deluge, through the watery waste
(Such length of years, such various perils past),
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare— }
The common water, and the common air ; }
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface—
Besides what endless honour yon shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my sovereign, and his fate, I swear—
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war—
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And, what we seek of yon, of us requir'd.
Despise not then, that in our hands we bear
These holy boughs, and sue with words of prayer.
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends ;
Here Dardannus was born, and hither tends ;
Where Tuscan Tyber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ :
This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore,
In full assemblies, and in solemn games :
These purple vests were weaved by Dardan dames.'
Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.

Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast ;
Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest,
But pondering future things of wondrous weight—
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind ;
And then revolv'd what Fannus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed :
This was the race that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke :
' The powers, (said he) the powers we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury !
Have what you ask : your presents I receive :
Land, where and when you please, with ample leave :
Partake and use my kingdom as your own :
All shall be yours, while I command the crown.
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring :
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear :
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request :
Only one daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of the Ansonian line.
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire.'

He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd :
Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command,
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.
Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of coursers born of heavenly breed,
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire ;
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By substituting mares produced on earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends ;
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight, }
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight. }
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
The' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul ; and thus she said :
' O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes !
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose !
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,
But, slain, revive, and, taken, 'scape again ?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires and swords and seas they forc'd their
way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end !
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent ?
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent ?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursued their exil'd race ;
Engag'd the heavens, oppos'd the stormy main :
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun ?
On Tyber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storms of Juno's hate !
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe ;
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon—
(What great offence had either people done ?)
But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd !
If native power prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without ?
If Jove and heaven my just desires deny,
Hell shall the power of heaven and Jove supply.
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy :
At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay :
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
And both the people near destruction brought.
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid ! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood !

Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand :
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires another land !
A second Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame.'

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from the' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.

This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose ;
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
E'en Pluto hates his own mis-shapen race ;
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face ;
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite :—

' O virgin daughter of eternal Night,
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.

'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds :
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.'
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood :

And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight ;
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossest'd,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest. }
From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes :
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs,
His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees ;
Then, ere the infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war,
And thus bespoke her husband : ' Shall (she said)
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed ?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom :
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away !
A guest like him, a Trojan guest, before
In show of friendship sought the Spartau shore, }
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.

Think on a king's inviolable word ;
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care ; and, if the god
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race.'
But, when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage ; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast.
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills, with horrid howls, the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court ;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout ;
They lash aloud ; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke :
Thus fares the queen ; and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before :
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along, [ways,
Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus ; cried aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
' Evoë ! O Bacchus ! ' thus began the song ;
And ' Evoë ! ' answer'd all the female throng.

' O virgin worthy thee alone !' she cried ;
' O worthy thee alone !' the crew replied.
' For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance.'
Like fury seiz'd the rest : the progress known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town :
All clad in skins of beasts, the javelin bear,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair ;
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air. }
The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine,
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung in Turnus' name the nuptial song :
' Iö ! ye Lätian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear ;
If there be here, (she said) who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain ;
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.'
Amata's breast the Fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the silvan shades.
Then, when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold,
Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driven by the southern blasts, was fated here to }
reign.

'Twas Ardua once : now Ardea's name it bears ;
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.

Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried }
The foulness of the' infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien :
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene ;
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws ;
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws ;
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane }
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began,
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man. }
' Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
In fighting-fields, and conquer towns in vain ?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories ?
The bride and sceptre, which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers ; and foreign heirs are sought !
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain !
Repel the Tuscan foes ; their city seize ;
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease !
This dream all-powerful Juno sends : I bear
Her mighty mandates ; and her words you hear.
Haste ! arm your Ardeans ; issue to the plain ;
With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train :
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
In Tyber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
The Latin king, unless he shall submit,
Own his old promise, and his new forget—
Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.

For such is heaven's command.'—The youthful prince
With scorn replied, and made this bold defence.

' You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.

I neither fear nor will provoke the war :

My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.

But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.

Go ! be the temple and the gods your care :

Permit to men the thought of peace and war.'

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke :

And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.

Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn ;

Her hideous looks and hellish form return :

Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,

And open all the furies of her face :

Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,

She cast him backward as he strove to rise,

And, lingering, sought to frame some new replies. }

High on her head she rears two twisted snakes : }

Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes ; }

And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks : }

' Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell

Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell !

Behold the Fates' infernal minister !

War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.'

Thus having said, her smouldering torch, impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.

Aghast he wak'd ; and, starting from his bed,

Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.

' Arms ! arms ! (he cries) my sword and shield pre-

He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war. [pare !

So, when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,

The bubbling waters from the bottom rise :

Above the brims they force their fiery way ;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threatening embassy ; then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms the' intruding Trojan guest,
'To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ansonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies ;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command ;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds a hunting-match ordain, }
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The fury fires the pack ; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies.
From this light cause, the' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king :
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare

To hang his budding horns, with ribands tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bath'd his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food ;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Ascanius, young and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim :
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes, }
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.
He falls ; he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood :
The churls assemble ; for the fiend, who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came :
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak, }
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.

And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at the' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war. }
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The powers of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal rays.

Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise, }
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries; }
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies; }
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.

First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;

A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidst the madness of the' unruly train :
Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood ;
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
To Juno thus she speaks : ' Behold ! 'tis done,
The blood already drawn, the war begun ;
The discord is complete; nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood ;
Speak, and my power shall add this office more :
The neighbouring nations of the' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.'
Then Juno thus : ' The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:
Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
A bloody Hymen shall the' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line :
But thou with speed to night and hell repair ;
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear
Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me.' Saturnia said :
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether
shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name):

Below the lofty mounts on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
Which, breaking from beneath with hellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the Fury flies ; [skies,
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labouring
Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
Attends the fatal process of the war.
The clowns, return'd from battle, bear the slain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corpse of Almon, and the rest, are shown :
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears ;
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd ;
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel
brood. }
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear, }
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear, }
And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair, }
Increase the clamour, and the war demand
(Such was Amata's interest in the land),
Against the public sanctions of the peace,
Against all omens of their ill success.
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves—

Propp'd on himself he stands : his solid sides
Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides—
So stood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But, when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witness their offence,
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
' Hurried by fate, (he cries) and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore !
O more than madmen ! you yourselves shall bear
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war :
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heaven for peace, but pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.'
He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd ;
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.

A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,
Their standard when in fighting fields they rear }
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare }
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war— }
Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
Their eagles, lost in Carræ's bloody plain.
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,
And still are worship'd with religious fear)
Before his temple stand : the dire abode,
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,

Are fenc'd with brazen bolts ; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars, }
The Roman consul their decree declares, }
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
These rites, of old by sovereign princes us'd,
Were the king's office : but the king refus'd,
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of sacred peace, or loose the' imprison'd war ;
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heaven's imperious queen shot down from high ;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly ;
The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar ;
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
The peaceful cities of the' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire ; and some, with studious care,
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare ;
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the general cry.
Part scour their rusty shields with seam ; and part
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart ;
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms—the' Atinian powers,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumian town :
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field ;
Some twine young sallows to support the shield ;

The corselet some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and share
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires :
The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.
The word is given ; with eager speed they lace
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariots tied ;
The trusty weapon sits on every side.

And, now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd the Ausonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command ;
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred ;
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain :
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,
Defying earth and heaven. Etruria lost,
He brings to 'Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lانسus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire ;
To 'Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led ;
His sire unworthy of so brave a son ;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field ;
His father's hydra fills his ample shield ;

A hundred serpents hiss about the brims ;
 The son of Hercules he justly seems,
 By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs—
 Of heavenly part, and part, of earthly blood,
 A mortal woman mixing with a god.
 For strong Alcides, after he had slain
 The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
 His captive herds ; and, thence in triumph led,
 On Tuscan Tyber's flowery banks they fed.
 Then, on mount Aventine, the son of Jove
 The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms, his men long piles and javelins bore ;
 And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
 Like Hercules himself, his son appears
 In savage pomp : a lion's hide he wears ;
 About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin ;
 The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
 Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,
 He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair 'Tibur came
 (Which from their brother 'Tiburs took the name),
 Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear :
 Arm'd Argive horse they lead, and in the front ap-
 pear,
 Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's
 height

With rapid course descending to the fight ;
 They rush along, the rattling woods give way ;
 The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
 Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber :
 Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
 A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
 And leads to 'Turnus' aid his country swains.

His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Sabine land ;
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene—
A numerous rout, but all of naked men :
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field,
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead ;
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head :
The left foot naked, when they march to fight ;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next (great Neptune was his sire),
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms :
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminus springs ;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands :
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king ;
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
When, homeward from their watery pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war,
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embodied from the Sabine land,
And, in himself alone, an army brought.
Twas he the noble Claudian race begot,

The Claudian race ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of Imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,
And all the Eretian powers ; besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tyber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play. }
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli :

The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion sets in wintery rain,
Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies,
Than stand these troops : their bucklers ring around :
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid
ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name :
From Agamemnon born—to Turnus' aid,
A thousand men the youthful hero led,
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground,
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,
Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans, inur'd to wants.

Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.

Nor, Cēbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Sebethis and old 'Telon sprung.
Who then in Teloboan Capri reign'd ;
But that short isle the' ambitious youth disdain'd,
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea—
O'er Ratulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold ;
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight ;
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.
The rude Æquiculæ his rule obey'd ;
Hunting their sport, and plundering was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd :
Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid ;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wounds of serpents, could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate the' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods,

The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
Fam'd as his sire; and, as his mother, fair ;
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore,
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
In fruitful fields ; and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame sought to share her bed :
But, when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes the' unhappy hunter bore ;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore. }
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd :
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart,
The' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown ;
And call'd him Virbius in the' Egerian grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood, }
Are coursers driven, who shed their master's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd :
His father's art ; and warrior steeds he rein'd.
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms, the graceful Turnus rode :
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd :
The more the kindled combat rises higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.

Fair Iō grac'd his shield ; but Iō now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—
A noble charge ! Her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes applied :
And on the brims her sire, the watery god,
Roll'd from his silver urn his crystal flood.
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and clattering
shields ;

Of Argive, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plough the rich Rutulian lands ;
Auruncean youth, and those Sacrana yields, ¹
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,
And those who near Numician streams reside, }
And those whom Tyber's holy forests hide ; }
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide ; }
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.

Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame :
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain :
She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wondering eyes :
Longing, they look, and gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight ;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face ;

Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd ;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle javelin ; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Toscan. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his powers,
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers,
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare
To join the allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These through the country took their wasteful
The fields to forage, and to gather force. [course,

Then Venelus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm :
' Æneas, landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate :
What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name.
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common interest was involv'd in theirs.'
While Turnus and the allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare. }
This way and that he turns his anxious mind ;
Thinks and rejects the counsels he design'd ;
Explores himself in vain, in every part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart ;
So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glittering species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side.
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.

'Twas night : and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief }
Was laid on Tyber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then, through the shadows of the poplar wood,
Arose the father of the Roman flood ;

An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head :
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd :
' Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place !
Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes—
This is thy happy home, the clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not ! The war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
The' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young,
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth.—For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driven with Evander from the' Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls :
Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name :
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony.
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams.
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams :
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's power thy just devotion pay ;

With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease :
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes :
'Tyber my name—among the rolling floods,
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat. In times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome.'
He said ; and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and, looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took
From Tyber's flood, and thus the powers bespoke :
'Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tyber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery stores—where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies—
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shalt share my morning song, and evening vows.
But, oh ! be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.'
Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,
With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found—
Wondrous to tell !—She lay along the ground :
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung ;
She white herself, and white her thirty young,

Æneas takes the mother and her brood;
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
The following night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tyber smooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood,
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course;
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.
One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid
The fiery sun had finish'd half his race, [glass.
Look'd back and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising towers,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bowers,
Thin as they stood, which then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: the' Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies:
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the
flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left the' unfinish'd feast,
Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest

To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A javelin seiz'd, and singly took his way,
Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far, }
' Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you are; }
Your business here, and bring you peace or war ? }
High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke : ' The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made—
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This message bear : the Trojans and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.'
Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies : ' Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend,
A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend.'
He said, and, downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke :
' Best of the Greeks! to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand—
Undaunted I approach you, though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe ;
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred claim :
Yet my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown,
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice,
Our father Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung :

Electra from the loins of Atlas came—
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
Thus from one common source our streams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours the Arcadian side.
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore; }
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador. }
The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our host expell'd, what further force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their power athwart the land,
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine:
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare,
He said: and, while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise—
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face;
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
' O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine!
How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through the Arcadian kingdom took his way.

Then, past a boy, the callow down began
 To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
 I saw the shining train with vast delight;
 And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
 But great Anchises, far above the rest,
 With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
 I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
 Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
 I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
 And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
 A Lycian quiver and a Gnosian bow,
 A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
 And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
 Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
 The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
 And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
 With swift supplies you shall be sent away.
 Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day,
 Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
 Honour our annual feast, and take your seat,
 With friendly welcome at a homely treat.
 Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
 The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the cheer.
 On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:
 A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
 Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the bed,
 A lion's slaggy hide, for ornament, they spread.
 The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
 In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites divine:
 Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's con-
 tinued chine.
 But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:

These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
From no vain fears or superstition spring,
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance :
But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, you rock that mates the sky ;
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie :
Such undigested ruin ; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air !
'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore ;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot : and like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god :
The' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain : — }
'Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tyber's banks, to graze the shady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine, convey'd.
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den.
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave.
Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
'To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass.

The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings; and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, the' ærial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he
springs,

As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
His body: on his back the door he drew—
(The door a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron
chains):

He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain:
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their
flight.

The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left. The hero stood

Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way : heaven echoed at the rattling shock.
Tumbling, it choak'd the flood : on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide :
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread ;
And trembling Tyber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight ;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So the pent vapours, with a rumbling sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground :
A sounding flaw succeeds : and, from on high,
The gods with hate behold the nether sky :
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse the' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires,
Gathering, with each repeated blast, the night,
To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And, where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights ; and wades through fumes, and gropes
his way,
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found ;
He squeez'd his throat ; he writh'd his neck around, }
And in a knot his crippled members bound ; }

Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes :
Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day :
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air again.
Next by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wondering neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extin-
guish'd eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows :
As priests, were added the Pinarian house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown :
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood ;
And with deep draughts invoke our common god.
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd ;
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright evening-star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led ;
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands ;
Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and 'cense his altars round
With Sabau smoke, their heads with poplar bound—

One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all the' immortal acts of Hercules :
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands
The serpents strangled with his infant hands ;
'Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
The' Æchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
'Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew :
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat. }
The' infernal waters trembled at thy sight ;
Thee, god ! no face of danger could affright :
Not huge Typhœus, nor the' unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son ! an added grace
To heaven and the great author of thy race ;
Receive the grateful offerings which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day !
In numbers thus they sung : above the rest,
The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound ;
The vales to hills ! and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey ;
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.

The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still with new surprise ;
With greedy joy inquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman towers :
' These woods were first the seat of silvan powers,
Of nymphs and Fauns, and savage men who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care }
Of labouring oxen, nor the shining share, }
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare. }
Their exercise the chase : the running flood
Supplied their thirst ; the trees supplied their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought,
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
With his mild empire, peace and plenty came ;
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and discolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
The Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians, came ;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings—gigantic Tybris, and the rest—
With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd :
For Tyber's flood was Albula before,
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arriv'd, driven from my native home,
By fortune's power, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heaven's
command.'

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and show'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state ;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
Who to her son foretold the' Ænean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place ;—
Then shows the forests, which, in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A sacred refuge made ;—with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine ;—
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads—
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely
A reverent fear (such superstition reigns [reeds.
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
Some god, they knew—what god, they could not
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell. [tell—
The' Arcadians thought him Jove : and said they saw
The mighty thunderer with majestic awe,
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins (once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood)
Saturnia's and Janiculum's remains ;
And either place the founder's name retains.
Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall—
(Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl):
Then, stooping, through the narrow gate they press'd,
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest :
' Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.

Dare to be poor: accept our homely food,
Which feasted him: and emulate a god.
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
The stuffing, leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread. }

Now Night had shed her silver dew around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun),
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid—
And that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
' While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian powers
To level with the ground the Trojan towers,
I ask'd not aid the' unhappy to restore,
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain,
Though much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.
But now, by Jove's command, and Fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious power, that rul'st my heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
With fated arms a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to destroy,
And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy;

She said ; and strait her arms of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.

Her soft embraces soon infuse desire :

His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire ;

And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.

Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,

Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.

The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,

And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.

Then thus the power obnoxious to her charms,

Panting, and half dissolving in her arms :

‘ Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,

Or your own beauties or my love distrust ?

Long since, had you requir’d my helpful hand,

The’ artificer and art you might command,

To labour arms for Troy : nor Jove, nor Fate,

Confin’d their empire to so short a date.

And, if you now desire new wars to wage,

My skill I promise, and my pains engage.

Whatever melting metals can conspire,

Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,

Is freely yours : your anxious fears remove,

And think no task is difficult to love.’

Trembling he spoke ; and, eager of her charms,

He snatch’d the willing goddess to his arms :

Till in her lap infus’d, he lay possess’d

Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.

Now when the Night her middle race had rode,

And his first slumber had refresh’d the god—

The time when early housewives leave the bed :

When living embers on the hearth they spread,

Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise ;—

With yawning mouths and with half-open’d eyes,

They ply the distaff by the winking light,

And to their daily labour add the night :

Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed—
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging power.

Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and, deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal :
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
Are heard around : the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round :
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies :
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast—
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame ;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axle-trees, and blunted war,
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets' loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
' My sons ! (said Vulcan) set your tasks aside :
Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.

Arms for a hero forge—arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.
He said. They set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd ;
Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Seven orbs within a spacious round they close,
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd ;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns, their arms advance in equal time !
By turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs :
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply the ' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed : his buskins meet
Above his ankles ; sandals sheath his feet :
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master press'd.
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend ;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands : a secret seat they choose ;
The ' Arcadian first their former talk renews ;
' Undaunted prince ! I never can believe
The ' Trojan empire lost, while you survive.

Command the' assistance of a faithful friend :
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tyber bounds :
The other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds. }
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent ;
And Fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects' sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes !
That blood, those murders, O ye gods ! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race ?
The living and the dead, at his command,
Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand,
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces tied,
The lingering wretches pin'd away and died.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more—
The people's patience, tried, no longer bore
The raging monster ; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace : while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.

By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms, their king to punishment require :
Their numerous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts : they cry
To hoist their anchors ; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate :
' Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms !
Know this : no native of our land may lead
This powerful people : seek a foreign head.'

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and every regal ornament :
The people join their own with his desire ;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
And half a native : but, in you combine
A manly vigour and a foreign line.
Where Fate and smiling Fortune show the way,
Pursue the ready path to sovereign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own ;
In fighting fields, from you shall learn to dare,
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war ;

Your matchless courage and your conduct view ;
And early shall begin to' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command—
'Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed ; and my son
As many more has added in his own.'
Scarce had he said ; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd ;
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud :
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky ;
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear ;
And, in a heaven serene, refulgent arms appear :
Reddening the skies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling : struck with awe divine,
Æneas only, conscious to the sign,
Presag'd the' event, and joyful view'd, above,
The' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
Then, to the' Arcadian king : ' This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war : the' expected sign
Is given of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
My goddess-mother, whose indulgent care
Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high : she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn :
And corpse, and swords, and shields, on Tyber borne,

Shall choke his flood : now sound the loud alarms :
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms,'

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires ;
Then cheerful to his household gods retires ;
There offers chosen sheep. The' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.

Next, of his men and ships he makes review ;
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.

Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
'To raise with joyful news his drooping son.

Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.

A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest.

A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.

Fame through the little city spreads aloud

'The' intended march : amid the fearful crowd,

The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,

And double their devotion in their fears.

The war at hand appears with more affright,

And rises every moment to the sight.

Then old Evander, with a close embrace,

Strain'd his departing friend ; and tears o'erflow
his face.

' Would Heaven (said he) my strength and youth
recall,

Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall—

Then when I made the foremost foes retire,

And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire ;

When Herilus in single fight I slew,

Whom with three lives Feronia did endue ;

And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms :
Nor proud Mezentius thus, unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods ! and mighty Jove ! in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king !
If Fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return with peace and victory ;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight ;
If we shall meet again with more delight ;
Then draw my life in length ; let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But, if your hard decrees—which, O ! I dread—
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head ;
This, O ! this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie ;
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms—
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound !
He said, and swooning sunk upon the ground.
His servants bore him off, and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The horsemen march ; the gates are open'd wide ;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along :
Last, follows in the rear the' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest ;
Gilded his arms ; embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of heaven are led ;
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.

The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,
Which winds disperse by fits, and show from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around :
The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground. }

A greenwood shade, long for religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields—and pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide,
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Æneas cast his wondering eyes around,
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led,
Refresh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.

Meantime the mother-goddess, crown'd with
 charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She shows her heavenly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
' Behold (she said) perform'd, in every part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art,

Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.
She said : and, having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires :
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold ;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright.
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh ;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold :
For there, emboss'd, the heavenly smith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens :
There, by the wolf, were laid the Martial twins.
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung :
The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue :
They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as
they fed.

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks : a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend :
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease ;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.

The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand;
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand;
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By Tullus' doom : the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.
There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights :
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies;
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half threatening, half disdaining, stood,
While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the
flood.

The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
'Scap'd from their chains, with Clælia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
She told the Gauls' approach: the approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield;
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance :
And naked through the streets the mad Luperci
dance

In caps of wool: the targets dropt from heaven.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driven,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen:
Pains of the damn'd; and punish'd Catiline,
Hung on a rock—the traitor; and, around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters, flows a golden sea:
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage—
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous gales;
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.
'The' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war:
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him—the Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.

It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main ;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet ;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed javelins fly :
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—
Fool as she was ! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate ; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose the' ethereal train.
Mars in the middle of the shining shield
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ souse from heaven with swift descent :
And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the prease : her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows ; at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for
breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide [throng.
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.

The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
 And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.
 Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
 With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.

Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with
 praise,

The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.

All altars flame : before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.

Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
 Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone ;
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
 And hangs the monumental crowns on high.

Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.

Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
 For Carians, and the' ungirt Numidian race ;
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
 With Scythians, expert in dart and bow.

And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides ;
 And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
 And prond Araxes, whom no bridge could bind.
 The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind ;
 And Morini, the last of human kind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
 By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
 And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

END OF VOL. III.